



SONGS
OF THE
RIVER



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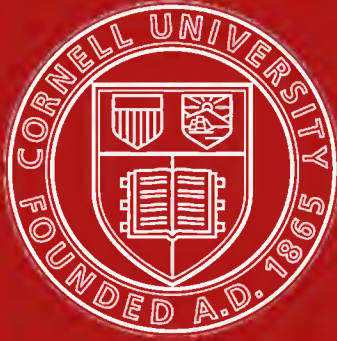


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SONG OF THE RIVER

BY
CHARLES KINGSLEY

Illustrated

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·LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS·

REPRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF W. ST. JOHN HARPER
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"PLAY BY ME, MOTHER AND CHILD"	<i>W. L. Taylor.</i>
"BY LAUGHING SHALLOW AND DREAMING POOL"	<i>Charles Copeland.</i>
"BY SHINING SHINGLE AND FOAMING WEAR"	<i>George A. Teel.</i>
"UNDER THE CRAG WHERE THE OUZEL SINGS"	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"AND THE IVIED WALL WHERE THE CHURCH-BELL RINGS"	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"UNDEFILED, FOR THE UNDEFILED; PLAY BY ME, BATHE IN ME, MOTHER AND CHILD"	<i>H. Winthrop Peirce.</i>
"BY THE SMOKY TOWN IN ITS MURKY COWL"	<i>W. L. Taylor.</i>
"BY WHARF AND SEWER AND SLIMY BANK"	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"DARKER AND DARKER THE FURTHER I GO, BASER AND BASER THE RICHER I GROW"	<i>C. Hirschberg.</i>
"SHRINK FROM ME, TURN FROM ME, MOTHER AND CHILD"	<i>W. St. John Harper.</i>
"STRONG AND FREE, STRONG AND FREE; THE FLOOD-GATES ARE OPEN, AWAY TO THE SEA"	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"CLEANSING MY STREAMS AS I HURRY ALONG"	<i>J. D. Woodward.</i>
"TO THE GOLDEN SANDS AND THE LEAPING BAR, AND THE TAINTELESS TIDE THAT AWAITS ME AFAR"	<i>W. L. Taylor.</i>
"AS I LOSE MYSELF IN THE INFINITE MAIN"	<i>W. F. Halsall.</i>
"UNDEFILED, FOR THE UNDEFILED; PLAY BY ME, BATHE IN ME, MOTHER AND CHILD"	<i>H. Winthrop Peirce.</i>
DECORATIVE DRAWINGS	<i>H. P. Barnes.</i>





SONG OF THE RIVER.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;



Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming wear;



Under the crag where the ouzel sings,



And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,



Unfiled for the unfiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.



Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;



Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;



Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;



Who dare sport with the sin defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.



Strong and free, strong and free;
The flood gates are open, away to the sea.



Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along



To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar



As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.



Unfiled for the unfiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.



